HEAVY METAL®

March 1982
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The
adult
illustrated
fantasy
magazine

SPECIAL
ROCK
SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE!

THE DEFINITIVE CORBEN

A magnificent tribute to one of the world's greatest comic book artists, this lavishly illustrated volume spans the prolific and many-faceted artistic career of Richard V. Corben.

Just how prolific he is, will become obvious from this book. Here for the first time are reproduced paintings and comics pages which are unknown even to Corben's most assiduous fans. Some of his earliest works — as well as his most recent drawings and paintings — are published here for the first time. Many of the paintings which were commissioned as book jackets can be seen here unmarred by titles and text. The selection was made in terms of quality in an effort to present the reader with a representative sampling of Corben's best and least-known work.

The well-paced text brings to life Corben's career, and the artist's love for his craft. His is a wide-ranging talent, and chapters have been devoted to his work in the fields of comics, animation, painting and sculpture. The 80 full-color pages include two stories, a sampling of his early work and a portfolio of over 40 paintings, which prove that besides being a major force in comics today, Corben is also a master of fantasy illustration.

An indispensable book for the Corben completist, this is also an excellent introduction to the work of an artist of astounding craftsmanship and fathomless imagination.

THUMB TACK BOOKS

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282
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New York, NY 10022

Please send me ______ copy (ies) of *Richard Corben: Flights Into Fantasy*. I have enclosed $21.95 (plus $1.50 for postage and handling) per book.

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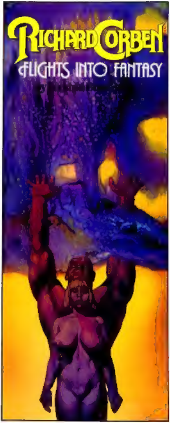

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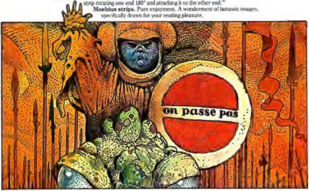

Heavy Metal is proud to present an extravaganza of Moebius material never before seen in the States. With eighty pages of full color, this retrospective is bound to delight anyone with a lust for fantasy, science fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex).

This fabulous anthology begins with a forty-four-page collaboration between Moebius and the noted film director Alexandro Jodorowsky (of *El Topo* fame). Their colorful strip "The Black Incal" offers intrigue and espionage fumbled by a second-rate detective and his goofy feathered sidekick.

We witness the signing at Wounded Knee and are invited to join Moebius and his family on a summer vacation, where, needless to say, we come across some real oddballs!

Plus: a gallery section, depicting a variety of topical illustrations. In this glorious full-color sixteen-page display, you will see everything from movie posters to Gerald Ford (huh?) to French science-fiction book ads to Western chivalry to soft porn.

Introduced by Federico Fellini, this book explores Moebius's multiple styles, a task never before undertaken by an American publisher.

Order today! Any way you look at it, this book is a must for the Moebius aficionado!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 302, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022
Please send me ______ copy (-ies) of *Moebius* at $2.95 (plus 75¢ for postage and handling) each.

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MARCH 1982

HEAVY METAL

VOL. V, NO. 12

CONTENTS

The Mercenary, by **Segrelles**, 6

Salad Bark #1, by **Nicole Claveloux**, 33

Artificial Boundaries, Expanding Horizons, Possible Musics, by **Jon Hassell**. Painting by **Mati Klarwein**, 14

Ahh, Earth . . . , by **John Workman**, 16

The Incal Light, by **Moebius**, 17

Nova II, by **Luis Garcia**, 25

New Musics: the second annual rock blitz, **35**

Elvis Presley: The Pelvis Cult, by **Elliott Murphy**, 36

A Life in the Day, by **Dick Matena**, 38

Jungle Rock, by **Macedo**, 48

Surprise Party, by **Brenda Jackson**. Illustrated by **Serge Clerc**, 52

FutuReviews, by **Lenny Kaye**. Illustrated by **Jim Cherry**, 61

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 65

At the Middle of Cymbiola, by **C. Renard**. Illustrated by **François Schuiten**, 66

Den II, by **Richard Corben**, 84

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Editorial, by **Brad Balfour**, 4

Dossier, 79

Chain Mail, 83

Coming Next Month, 96

Front cover, Pattie Flying an Atomic Potato Through Megacorporate Musicland, by **Victor Stabin**

Back cover, Electric Splendor, by **Philippe Druillet**

"The Incal Light" by Jodorowsky and Moebius, "Jungle Rock" by Macedo, "Surprise Party" by Jackson and Clerc, "At the Middle of Cymbiola" by C. Renard and F. Schuiten, New Musics illustration by Moebius, and "Electric Splendor" by Druillet, are © 1981 *Metal Hurlant*. All rights reserved.

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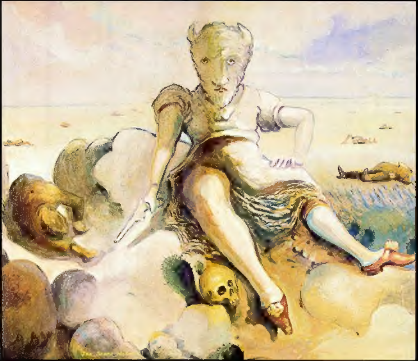

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EDITORIAL

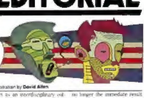


Illustration by **David Allen**

As both science fiction and rock music have matured, the juncture of the two is closer than ever. This juncture exists not simply because of parallel (and often common) histories—though both have come from street-level, commercially crass origins, went through their ghettoization, and then blossomed through a creative revolution, as both financially successful and worthy of critical analysis. They've also come to share similar hierarchies, aesthetic values, and futuristic ideas. This was never so clear to me as after I had seen *The Catherine Wheel*.

When I witnessed this Broadway collaboration between Talking Head David Byrne and modern dancer/choreographer Twyla Tharp, I was affected less by the performance than by the idea of such cooperation. Although the dance was not so impressive as Byrne's Afro-influenced rhythmic variations (now available in edited form on Sire Records), the gestalt was captivating. Costumes and set surpassed Tharp's usual simplicity. *The Catherine Wheel* itself—an elaborate bronze latticework fashioned like a floating mutant bicycle—provoked further thoughts on the contrasts already rampant in this work.

From its themes (the urban vs. the primitive; the technological vs. the spiritual) to its very context (vanguard new-wave music/modern dance on Broadway), *The Catherine Wheel* was more than just another happening; it was the conjunction of two polarities in the performing arts—dance, usually considered a "high art," and rock music, at the other end of the spectrum. These distinctions aren't that easily defined. In dance, ballet is really the high art. Tharp's modern herky-jerkisms have long been an anathema to ballet's conservatism. Byrne's intellectually self-conscious rock is hardly fashioned of the same crude stuff that characterized fifties street music or even modern corporate rock, against which his music reacts. Yet, Tharp's troupe bled respect from the hardest-assed pointy-nosed critics; Byrne's music still has a backbeat that arouses its audience to dance. Such blurred lines of contrast illustrate not only *The Catherine Wheel*'s effect as an interdisciplinary collaboration, but also a profound redefinition of high/low art, commercial/creative ideas, and, most important, collaboration/synthesis.

The collaboration between Tharp and Byrne represented an interaction but not a merging. Tharp was—in Hegelian terms—the thesis; Byrne, the antithesis. Though the synthesis didn't emerge, the possibility of its occurring was at hand. The next logical step is for something entirely new, with its own conceptual language, technical vocabulary, and social implications. *The Catherine Wheel* pointed out what is happening, the interaction of rock and sf, and points to what could happen.

Such a synthesis is forthcoming with the evolution of the postindustrial world. Machines are going beyond mere servitude. Through cybernetics, they are becoming mystical shamans granting wishes as well as fulfilling commands. In the post-industrial, high-tech world, we have become alienated from our primal roots, and the Old World institutions of culture, such as the traditional barriers between high art and mass culture, have yet to be replaced with something truly new and appropriate. In order to survive such changes, which bewilder, enswamp, and thoroughly disorient, we need to digest the new influences and new forces of culture (and try, as Jon Hassell's article in this issue suggests, to assimilate primary-culture forms in new ways). We must move on toward synthesis. *The Catherine Wheel* is one attempt: the conjunction between sf and rock, another.

Contemporary rock no longer derives from a basic R & B progression. Style and concept are no longer the immediate result of proximity to roots, but have evolved aesthetics on their own grounds which barely indicate the points of origin (as Elvis imitated southern black music). Nor does the best modern rock merely substitute bits and pieces of source material (as Emerson, Lake, and Palmer did with classical music). The English new wave and American bands like Devo have successfully incorporated the new technologies of synthesizer and studio, adding unusual rhythms and effects to form new musical vocabularies. Now we have rich stuff that would be "bebop–funk–pop–new wave" if we still followed the old considerations of criticism. Everything gets divided into smaller categories because so much is staking out new territories beyond the original confines of rock.

Rock has always suggested a crossroads for pop culture and high art as well. Once it had begun defining its own aesthetic in the early sixties, it began shifting toward other disciplines. Witness the association between Lou Reed's Velvet Underground and pop-art doyen Andy Warhol in the mid sixties (as *The Exploding Plastic Inevitable* happening), or Pink Floyd's dalliances with soundtrack music. The eruption of rock not only influenced but also created styles. Rock today dominates and often dictates fashion trends, such as the much touted "pirate look" born out of the English New Romantics. It has created fresh culture myths (Jim Morrison as death's poetic angel) and generated future-oriented media from laser light shows. (Remember the Fillmore's light shows?)

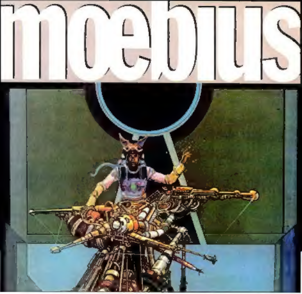
While rock was moving into its second age of grace in the sixties (the Beatles take the responsibility for this with their innovative sound techniques and composition, as does Dylan for borrowing from poetry), sf underwent a similar redefinition. Prompted by rock, the sixties new-wave sf not only assimilated refined literary techniques that integrated alternate realities into its very form and structure; it also pulled away from the first state of sf ideology—technology as mankind's unadulterated savior. Drugs had become so popular that their presence seeped into literature. Sf, like rock, was ripe for pharmacological effects. Stories by the likes of Ed Bryant, George R.R. Martin, Tom Disch, and J. G. Ballard don't seem particularly new-wave now, yet would have been fifteen years ago simply for their themes or refined techniques. But more than incidental alliances exist between sf authors and rock: writers like Norman Spinrad, John Shirley, and Mick Farren have made rock music while rock musicians like David Bowie and groups like Joy Division have either composed sf-oriented music or adapted sf stories for music (listen to J. D.'s *Atrocity Exhibition*, inspired by Ballard's experimental novel of the same name).

I suspect sf and rock will continue this intermingling until a virtually new medium is created. At least sf sensibilities will be filtered through the video/music connection, and dance like Tharp's will become a critical component for tape. (She's tested video before, composing several video dances that were shown on PBS a few years back.) Computer games are another example of this synthesis, given their science-fictional nature. (Are these the space-pilot training tools of the future?) They draw both sound and high-tech fury into a new context. The growing video matrix (cable, cassettes, and so on) will affect the course of human society—video grew naturally out of a synthesis of sound, film, and story, another collaboration in play.

This growing conjunction between sf and rock (and animation, video, and performance) bodes well not only for a new aesthetic but also suggests that we can always devise creative

continued on page 87

THE COFFEE-TABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR ...IN FRENCH



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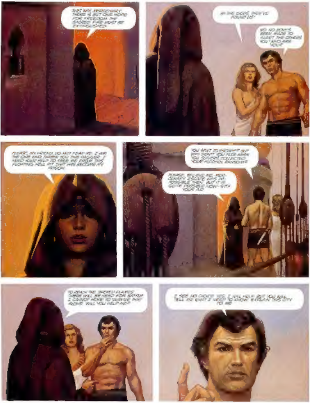
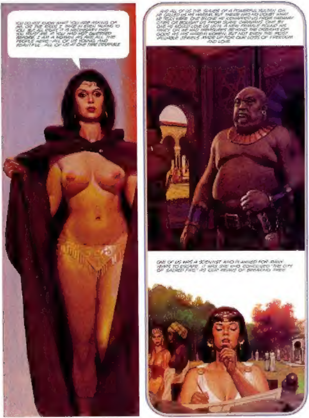
THE MERCENARY

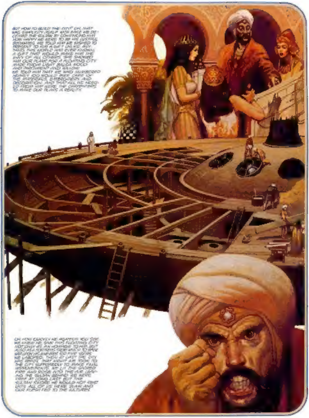
The Mercenary, having escaped, rescued the chief's daughter from her cell, and together they tried to find a way out of the floating prison. But despite their efforts they were going around in circles.



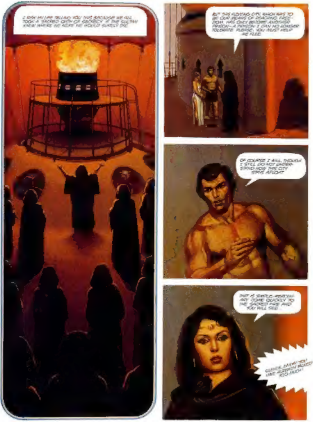
THIS WAY, MERCENARY. THERE IS BUT ONE HOPE FOR FREEDOM: THE SACRED FIRE MUST BE EXTINGUISHED!
BY THE GODS, THEY'VE FOUND US!
NO, NO ONE'S BEEN MADE TO ALERT THE OTHERS! YOU? WHO ARE YOU?
PLEASE, MY FRIEND, DO NOT FEAR ME. I AM THE ONE WHO THREW YOU THE DAGGER. I NEED YOUR HELP TO FREE ME FROM THIS FLOATING HELL [illegible] THAT HAS BECOME MY PRISON.
YOU WANT TO ESCAPE? BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU FLEE WHEN YOU SUPPOSEDLY COLLECTED [illegible]?
PLEASE, BELIEVE ME, MERCENARY. ESCAPE WAS IMPOSSIBLE THEN, BUT IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE NOW—WITH YOUR AID.
TO REACH THE SACRED FLAMES THERE WILL BE NEED FOR BATTLE. I CANNOT HOPE TO SURVIVE THAT ALONE. WILL YOU HELP ME?
I SEE NO CHOICE. YES, I WILL HELP. BUT YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW. EXPLAIN THIS CITY TO ME!

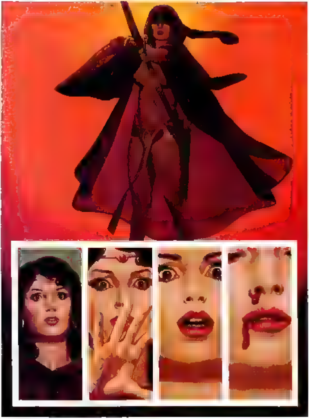

YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ASKING OF ME, OR THE RISKS I TAKE IN EVEN TALKING TO YOU. BUT ALL RIGHT. IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOU TRUST ME, IF YOU HAD NOT GUESSED BEFORE. I AM A WOMAN, AS ARE ALL THE PEOPLE HERE. ALL OF US YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL. ALL OF US AT ONE TIME DESIRABLE
AND ALL OF US THE SLAVES OF A POWERFUL SULTAN. OH, HE CALLED US HIS HAREM, BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT WHAT WE TRULY WERE. ONE BY ONE HE KIDNAPPED US FROM FARAWAY CITIES OR BOUGHT US FROM SLAVE CARAVANS. ONE BY ONE HE WOULD LOVE US UNTIL A NEW FEMALE FOUND HIS FANCY. OH, WE HAD TREASURES BEYOND THE DREAMS OF GODS AS HIS HAREM WOMEN, BUT NOT EVEN THE MOST VALUABLE JEWELS MADE UP FOR OUR LOSS OF FREEDOM AND LOVE.
ONE OF US WAS A SCIENTIST WHO PLANNED FOR MANY YEARS TO ESCAPE. IT WAS SHE WHO CONCEIVED "THE CITY OF SACRED FIRE" AS OUR MEANS OF BREAKING FREE.

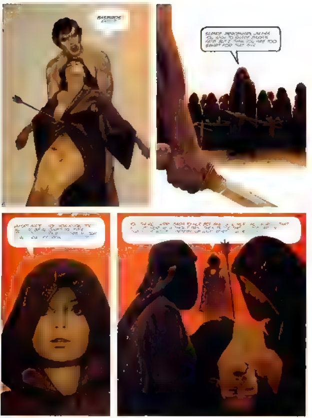
BUT HOW TO BUILD THE CITY? OH, THAT WAS SIMPLICITY ITSELF. WITH EASE WE DECEIVED THE SULTAN BY CONVINCING HIM HOW HAPPY WE WERE TO BE HIS LOYAL [illegible]. WE TOLD HIM WE WISHED TO PRESENT TO HIM A GIFT LIKE NO ANY THIS WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN, A GIFT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THE ENVY OF ALL OTHERS. WE SHOWED HIM OUR PLANS FOR A FLOATING CITY MADE FROM LIGHT BALSA WOOD AND PARCHMENT AND WILLOW. WE TOLD HIM THAT WE WHO NUMBERED NEARLY 100 WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE [illegible], EMBROIDERY AND DECORATION, AND THAT ALL WE NEEDED FROM HIM WERE THE CARPENTERS TO MAKE OUR PLANS A REALITY.

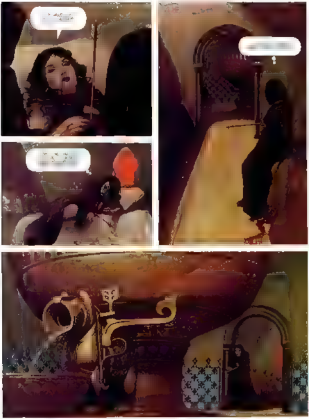


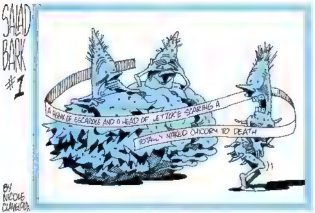
OH HOW CRAFTILY WE DECEIVED YOU SIRE. WE KNEW HE SAW THIS FLOATING CITY NOT ONLY AS AN HOMAGE TO HIM, BUT ALSO AS A PLATFORM FROM WHICH TO [illegible] [illegible]. FOR FIVE YEARS WE LABORED. THEN AT LAST THE CITY WAS DONE. THAT NIGHT WE TOOK TO THE CITY SUPPOSEDLY TO MAKE FINAL IMPROVEMENTS. WE LIT THE SACRED FIRE AND ROSE INTO THE AIR LEAVING THE SULTAN BEHIND. WE WERE FREE AT LONG LAST. BUT THE SULTAN SWORE HE WOULD NOT REST UNTIL ALL OF US WERE SLAIN AND OUR FLESH FED TO THE VULTURES.

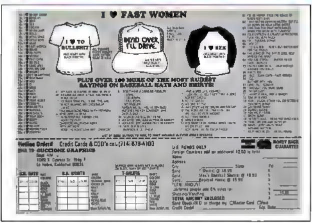

I RISK MY LIFE TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE WE ALL TOOK A SACRED OATH OF SECRECY. IF THE SULTAN KNEW WHERE WE WERE WE WOULD SURELY DIE.
BUT THIS FLOATING CITY, WHICH WAS TO BE OUR MEANS OF REACHING FREEDOM, HAS ONLY BECOME ANOTHER PRISON— A PRISON I CAN NO LONGER TOLERATE. PLEASE, YOU MUST HELP ME FLEE.
OF COURSE I WILL, THOUGH I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THIS CITY STAYS AFLOAT.
THAT IS SIMPLE, AMARYA. AH, COME QUICKLY TO THE SACRED FIRE AND YOU WILL SEE.
SILENCE, ZAKIA! YOU HAVE ALREADY SAID TOO MUCH!




BASTARDS!




SALAD BARK #1
A HUNK OF ESCAROLE AND A HEAD OF LETTUCE SCARING A
TOTALLY NAKED CHICORY TO DEATH
BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX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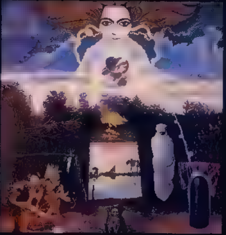
BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE.
I ♥ SEX
BB. HATS
B.B. SHIRTS
T-SHIRTS

Painting by Mati Klarwein



Artificial Boundaries, Expanding Horizons, Possible Musics

by Jon Hassell

From an October 28, [illegible], *New York Times* background story on Chad/Sudan/Libya: "Geneina lies on the ill-defined border between the Sudan and Chad. This region is known as Darfur, an area the size of France which was once a proud, independent sultanate run by a dynasty of rulers that lasted 500 years. From Geneina, caravans of pilgrims heading overland to Mecca make their way east. Men of the Tuareg stock of desert nomads roam the area, dressed in long white robes and white turbans. With their camels and mules and trappings they recognize no international boundary lines that appear on maps but not on the shifting sands and dry riverbeds they traverse..."

Life is increasingly filled with abstraction—things you can't see or touch or taste but to which we collectively give the power to rule our lives. Lines that exist only on paper and in the mind; tick marks on the face of a watch which arbitrarily segment the steady, unbroken flow of time/space into separate units (who invented the second?); the technology of language, which by the very naming of an experience separates this act from the seamless landscape of inner life (and allows us to use the word "love" a million times without having to experience it once) are all abstractions which rule our lives.

Note this passage from anthropologist/McLuhanite Edmund Carpenter's book *Oh, What a Blow That Phantom Gave Me!* (the phantom in this case being invisible electronic media which surround and swallow cultures): "In preliterate societies the separation of spirit from flesh is thought to occur in the surrealist realm of dream, art, ritual, myth. Daily life, in the field or on the hunt, is intensely sensate, with all senses alert and the spirit imprisoned in the body.

"We reverse this. Our electronic wizardry would divorce images from physical reality. As counterpoint, we turn physical reality into pastimes: the hippie world of sensate experience serves to balance the necessary spirit world of electronic media. Like natives, the young enjoy the best of both worlds, though it's hard to know which one of these worlds to call 'real.'"

A direct result of these [illegible], electronic media technologies [illegible] time as the population explosion [illegible] course, they simply fall into an [illegible]

Let's look at some unexpected [illegible] phases before they become [illegible]-rounded and [illegible] with the self-congratulatory-making magic of recording and broadcasting technologies, and allow them to take their rightful place in the evolution of [illegible]

[illegible]

An important lesson to learn [illegible] many small tribal cultures is their embracing of music as a [illegible] served for use at the right time, to be perceived by ears and [illegible]

In Western technoculture, the [illegible] Music as background for human events inevitably results in trivialization and a loss of the sense of specialness and meaning. Brian Eno's creation of the genre "ambient music" formalizes this [illegible] stant sound input that you can't listen to it all, why not say the okay and to listen and [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] this view might be [illegible] overload level of symbol density [illegible] new simplicity — an ability via artificial intelligence (computers) to combine many individual symbols operating in complex relationships into "chunks" of information which can then be [illegible]

The heading "new simplicity" is itself a simple example of a "chunking" or a higher-level [illegible] Douglas Hofstadter, in his book *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, refers [illegible]

[illegible]

Given the number of people expected on the planet by A.D. 2000, this notion of an overloaded symbol bank breaking up into chunks suggests a similar pattern for a high-density future population breaking up into clusters of New Tribal territories (a [illegible] magazine). This doesn't seem [illegible] situation of tribes walking among tribes whose boundaries [illegible] is by geographical proximity or background but are delineated by life-style and held together [illegible]

Perhaps concepts such as majority rule, which came out of [illegible] if 101 people of a tribe of 200 vote for a particular course of action, this leaves only 99 disgruntled people. But in a megatribe of 200 million, this would translate to 99 million who are forced to live under choices they don't approve of. The equation changes when multiplied by such enormous factors.

This is a difference in scale which those excessively hypno-[illegible] ture. Instead, they prefer [illegible]

Perhaps, in some unforeseen way, the corporate musical imperialism which turns out [illegible] in its drive toward worldwide musical hits in Western [illegible] ceed public tolerance levels. Perhaps the result will be a re-[illegible] arising from tribes of [illegible] minded people once again living [illegible]

This new respect for ancient [illegible] surely be one of the key ideas of our time, and will ultimately affect the way we think in the [illegible]

[illegible] the Bathwater

[illegible] spirit life is joyful and sexual, [illegible] serve this from a safe distance [illegible]

[illegible] formal music in the West takes [illegible] improvisation is a major [illegible] while in most other parts of the [illegible] ences are always those in which some response to the feeling of the moment is included. [illegible] hobby dictate that anything that [illegible] tain rhythmic inflections of every [illegible] figure here in a kind of cultural [illegible] status and thus neatly dismisses [illegible]

This outlawing of certain [illegible] between what high culture refutes and what high culture likes [illegible] member of the community knows perfectly which variations he can execute. As great [illegible]

"This technique is the fruit of [illegible] i.e., of learning polyphony." (These are liner notes from Ocora LP 558526 and discuss Central African Empire Pygmy [illegible].)

[illegible]

This statement illustrates a desirable balance between formality and vitality: faced with a choice of Brown (James) or Beethoven (Ludwig van) as my [illegible] I'd say J. B. wins hands down. But the balance of structure [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] would cause music writers and readers alike to think twice before [illegible]

Given the limited choice of [illegible] people in other disciplines) who in their own fields are quick to [illegible] tive, one-track) from Novel-[illegible] (original, multileveled), yet [illegible]

[illegible] summed up by the elevation of the Campbell's soup can to iconic (worthy-of-serious-consider-

It's a matter of degree: too much attention is paid by the many to too narrow an idea of what possible musics there could be

[illegible]

The Music of the [illegible]

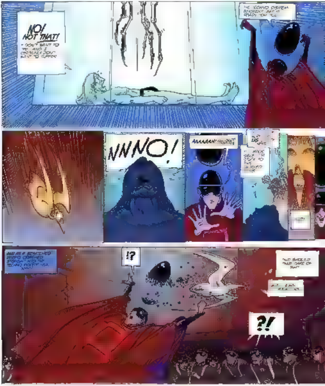
The Music of the Dan [illegible]

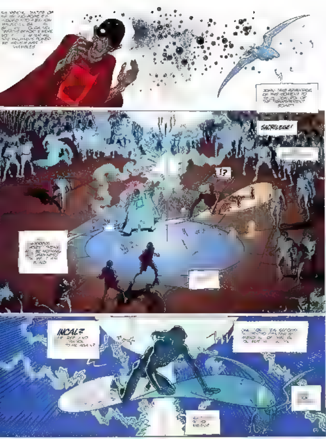
Central African Republic [illegible]

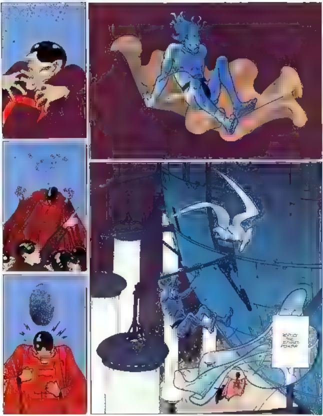
[illegible] *of the Javanese* [illegible]

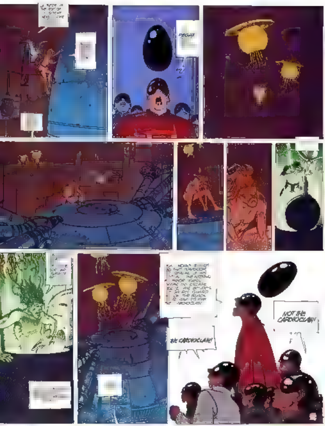
Music of Chad (FP 423) [illegible]

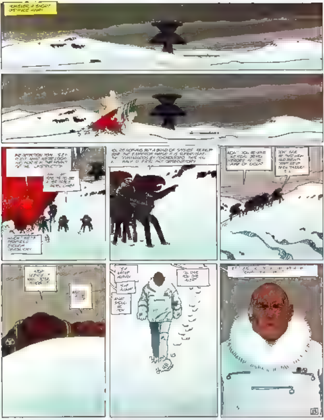
PANIC ON THE INTERNAL EXTERIOR

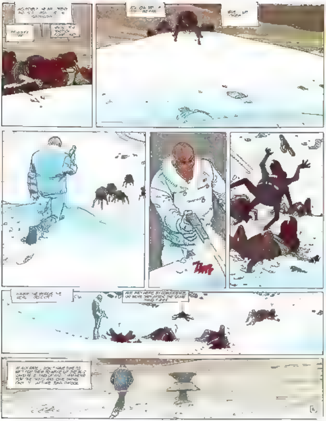

NO! NOT THAT!
I DON'T WANT TO DIE... AND I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO SUFFER
NNNO!
AAAAAAH!
!?
?!

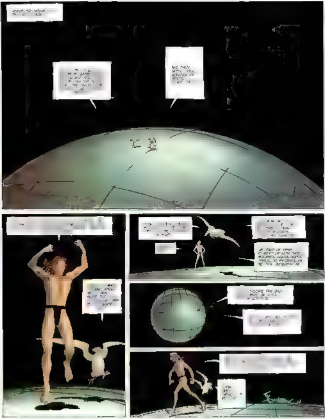

SACRILEGE!
!?
INCAL?

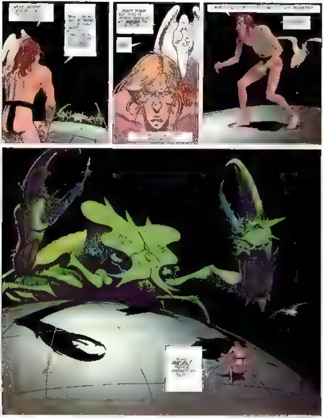

END OF THE STARFAERIE


PEGAZ
THE CARDIOCLAW!
NOT THE CARDIOCLAW!

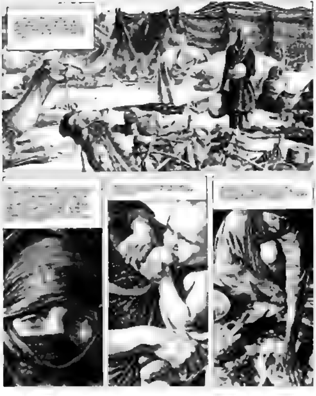


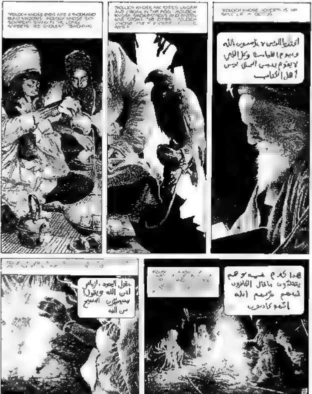

ARE THEY HERE BY COINCIDENCE, OR WERE THEY AFTER THE SAME



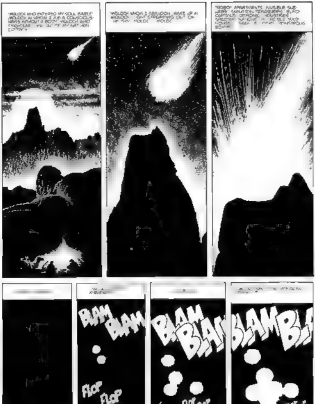

DON'T THINK
NEED
INCAL!

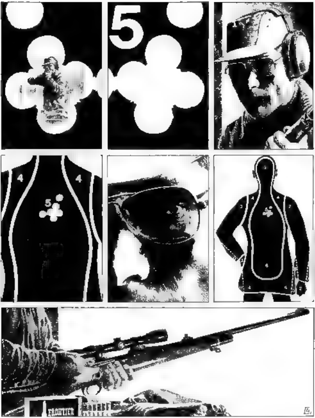
NOVA 2




MOLOCH WHOSE EYES ARE A THOUSAND BLIND WINDOWS! MOLOCH WHOSE SKYSCRAPERS STAND IN THE LONG STREETS LIKE ENDLESS JEHOVAHS
MOLOCH WHOSE FACTORIES DREAM AND CROAK IN THE FOG! MOLOCH WHOSE SMOKESTACKS AND ANTENNAE CROWN THE CITIES! MOLOCH WHOSE [illegible]
MOLOCH WHOSE POVERTY IS THE SPECTER OF GENIUS
اقتلوا الذين لا يؤمنون بالله وبيوم القيامة وكل الذي لا يقوم بدين الحق من أهل الكتاب
يقول اليهود، عزير ابن الله ويقولوا المسيحيين المسيح من الله
هذا كلام في فمهم يقلدون ما قال الكافرون قبلهم قاتلهم الله انهم كاذبون
2

(FIGHT TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE NOT IN ALLAH OR IN THE LAST DAY [illegible] GOD [illegible] THE SON OF GOD [illegible] THE SON OF GOD. THESE ARE THE WORDS [illegible] (KORAN BOOK IX 29-30)

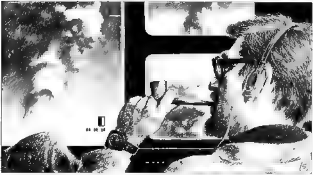

MOLOCH WHO ENTERED MY SOUL EARLY! MOLOCH IN WHOM I AM A CONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT A BODY! MOLOCH WHO FRIGHTENED ME OUT OF MY NATURAL ECSTASY!
MOLOCH WHOM I ABANDON! WAKE UP IN MOLOCH! LIGHT STREAMING OUT OF THE SKY! MOLOCH! MOLOCH!
ROBOT APARTMENTS! INVISIBLE SUBURBS! SKELETON TREASURIES! BLIND CAPITALS! DEMONIC INDUSTRIES! SPECTRAL NATIONS! INVINCIBLE MADHOUSES! GRANITE [illegible] MONSTROUS BOMBS!
BLAM BLAM
FLOP FLOP
BLAM BLAM
FLOP FLOP
BLAM BL
FLOP FLOP


5
4
4
5

...9...8...7

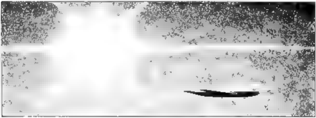
...6...5...4

...3...2...1...0

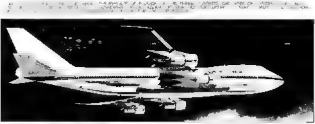

0

MA168
PICT RE A BOAT ER
L S DIAMONDS

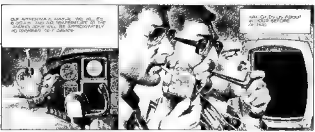
[illegible] REGARDING WHEN [illegible] IF ANY [illegible] THE PHENOMENON. [illegible] HAVE SUCH DIVERSE POINTS OF VIEW [illegible] INFORMATION [illegible] IN THE SECOND PLACE WE [illegible] BEFORE [illegible] FACTS ABOUT THE [illegible]

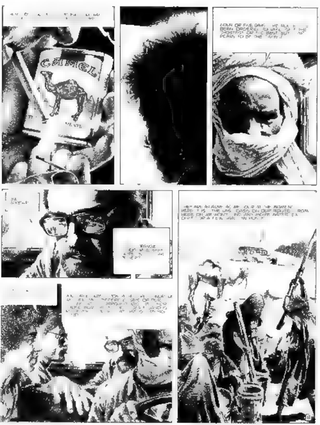


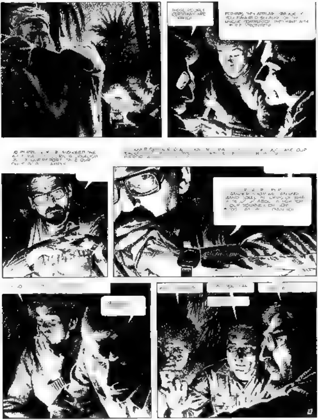
[illegible] THE THREE [illegible]



[illegible] HELLO [illegible] INFORM [illegible]


OUR ARRIVAL [illegible] WILL BE [illegible] AND AIR TEMPERATURE AT THE [illegible] WILL BE APPROXIMATELY 40 DEGREES [illegible]
[illegible] ABOUT [illegible] HOUR BEFORE [illegible]


[illegible] OUR OF THE DAY. [illegible] BEEN ORDERED TO [illegible] THE SHORTEST [illegible] BUT [illegible] PEARS TO BE THE [illegible]
[illegible] ALIVE [illegible] HERE: THIS [illegible] THE LAST OASIS ON OUR ROUTE. FROM HERE ON [illegible] ANY MORE WATER [illegible]
15



RUN AMOK
THROUGH
FANTASY...
HEAVY METAL
HEAVY METAL

. . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

Heavy Metal is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining and front pockets, too. Our original *HM* T-shirt is also available.

So order today! Pick up a few for stocking stuffers, too.

Heavy Metal
Dept. HM [illegible]
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Name
Address
City State Zip

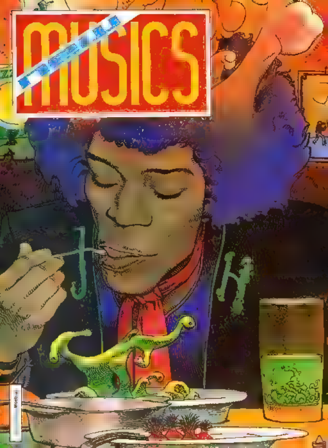
The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like Heavy Metal jackets, sm. med. lge., at $35.00 each.

And why not HM T-shirts, sm. med. lge. / red black, at $8.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

MUSICS



REPORT #57RNR:

ELVIS PRESLEY: THE PELVIS CULT

BY ELLIOTT MURPHY

© 1981 Elliott Murphy

I. [illegible]

[illegible]

early smooth-running anarchy called the [illegible]

[illegible]

be the fashionable color for future military uniforms, although the color green won out as it usually does here

[illegible]

Elvis Presley was one of the earliest white humans able to voice this same emotional [illegible]

[illegible]

the pieces of metallic junk in orbit around their planet and they keep little dogs as pets who orbit around them on leashes. I find it all very dizzying.

Of course, there are countless examples of other humans whose overt (though mostly [illegible]

[illegible] War is Hell But Popular"). Be[illegible] effect was accelerated by hi[illegible]

[illegible] records

[illegible]

Energy: What a Mess!") [illegible]

[illegible]

packager

said: "In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes." Although I feel he was probably joking when he said these words

heart. I call it the "Mouse Madonna of the

At the time of Elvis Presley's death, the ferocious media appetite hungered for little else, and his likeness appeared with greater frequency than ever before—the first sure sign of symbolic immortality.

Allow me to present other examples of his impending religious-cult stat

Another sound-and-image rock n roll

using the strange title "Elvis" (Second name is Costello, possibly derived from the now deceased American tragic humorist Lou Costello.) Die-hard Elvis Presley fans do not equate the two Elvises together, and I have witnessed no crossover of emotional response. Personally, I don't find a big difference between the two. Appearance is similar except for visual aid (glasses) on the Costello version. But I do feel strongly that this transfer of name is significant and can take the form of

it, but on Earth they clone from the outside in! I saw one of these Elvis Presley clones in a place called Las Vegas. Report #33K—"Gambling: The Human Love of Loss"). (I enjoy Las Vegas very much; it reminds me of my mother-in-law's apartment, and I would be happy to take any future assignments there, for it is one of the few civilized places on this planet where one can get away from these annoying clocks and their constant tick

understand how these humans are so easily fooled by these clones. There are many of

on... where was that awful place? ...oh yes on the Omega VII. And the profit motive for these clones is probably slim considering the personality sacrifice they must make. The humans are fully aware that these clones are not the "real" Elvis, yet they do not seem to care. Perhaps this is because the original was mainly a product of vinyl and celluloid and it is hard to make any distinction, or perhaps be

the gates of Graceland. (See the similar scene in the capitalist religious motion picture *King Kong*: Report #35mm—"What, Me Worry?"), as if they are waiting for HIM to make an unscheduled appearance.

Although the humans are reluctant to accept the concept of infinity except on the most theoretical level, slogans of belief in this concept such as "He lives on!" or "Elvis lives forever!" come from his fans. Strangely enough, the one human who tried to spread

#122a—"E=MC² or The Poetry of Science"), has attained little of the status Elvis has (I've found no Einstein clones in Vegas) and is only now experiencing a rebirth of interest on the more religious level (this could be due to the false rumor that he was re-

We are beginning to pop up like seedlings

conspiracy here? They're known to get nasty when pushed. (Give me the word and I'll in-

ductive systems, which though primitive do

Indeed, they are a very nervous bunch, which is to be expected from a planet located

vintage

sibility that constant exposure to large doses

these user!) can amplify normal personality

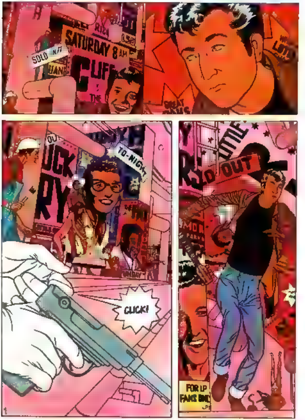
"unnatural death" may be directly

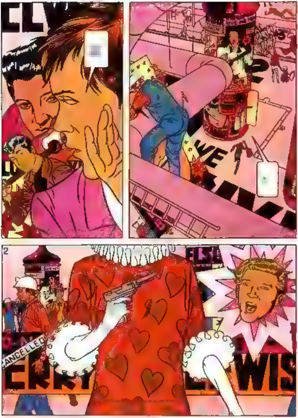
thing called "fast food," which they say all

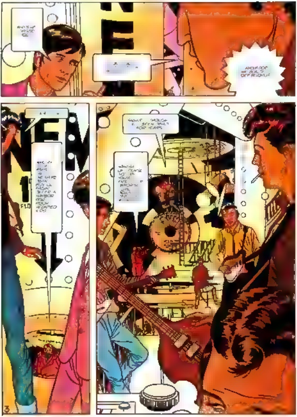
all everything tastes the same to me

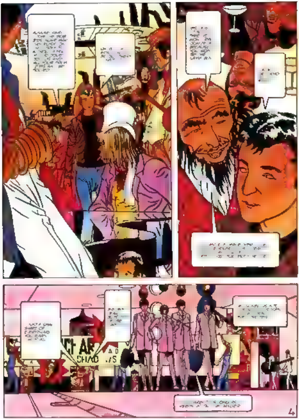
A LIFE IN THE DAY

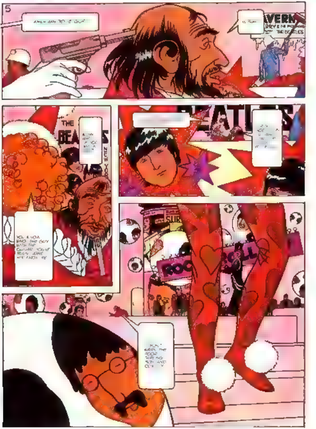
BY DICK MATENA

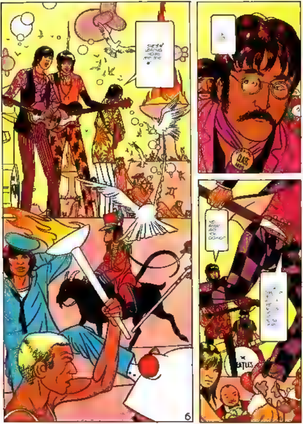

SOLD
SATURDAY 8 AM
CLIF
THE
GREAT BALLS
TO-NIGHT
CLICK!
SOLD OUT
FOR LP FANS ONLY

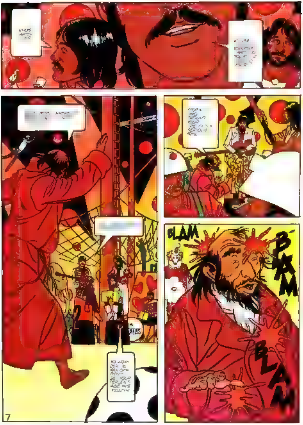

ELV
OVE ME TE
WE
2
ELSA
CANCELLED
ERRY
EWIS

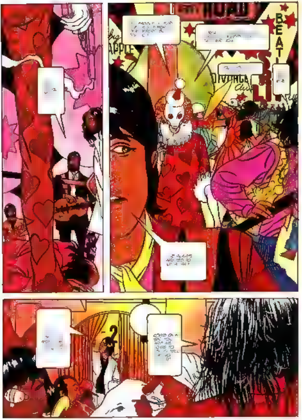

NEW

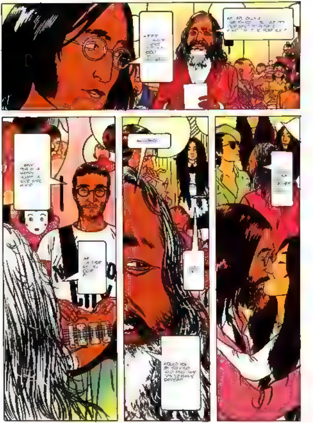

CH AR
CHAD
A D
/S
4

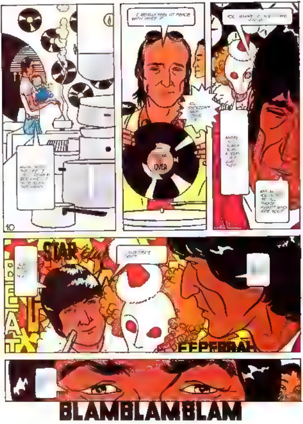

5
CAVERN
THE BEATLES
THE BEATLES
NEW YORK
BEATLES
ROCK ROLL


SHE'S LEAVING HOME
THE BEATLES
6


2
ATLES
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
7

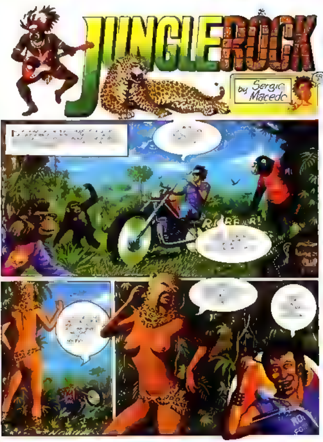

APPLE
BEAT

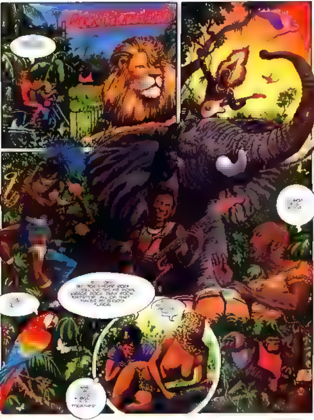


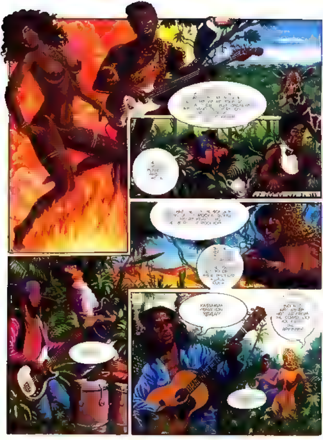

10
I REALLY FEEL AT PEACE WITH MYSELF
OVER
ARE YOU?
STAR
FFPFFRAH
BLAMBLAMBLAM

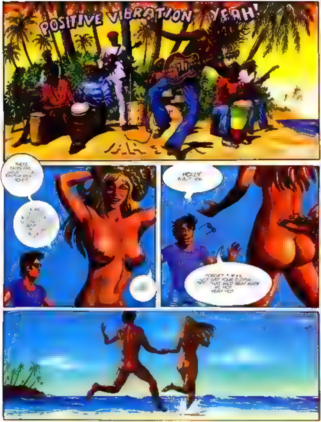
JUNGLE ROCK

by Sergio Macedo




PUNK ROCK
ALL OF THAT


RASTAMAN VIBRATION YEAH!

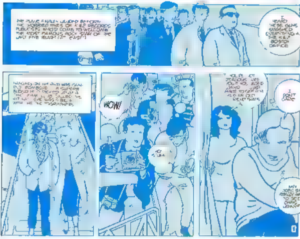

POSITIVE VIBRATION, YEAH!
THESE GUYS ARE [illegible]
HOLLY [illegible]
FORGET [illegible] GET YOUR CLOTH[illegible] THAT WILD BEAT MADE ME HOT VERY HOT

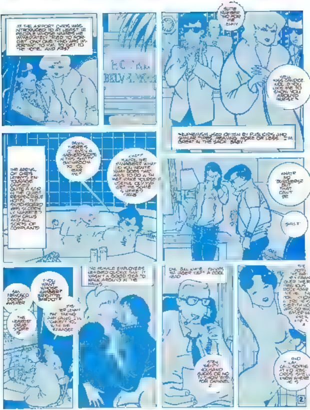
Surprise Party

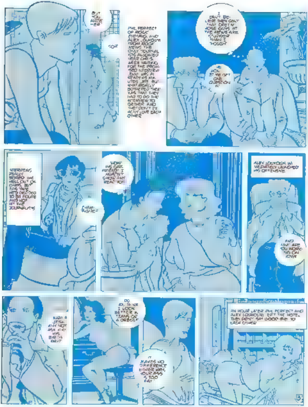
STORY: [illegible]

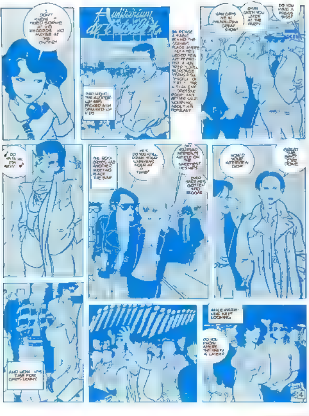
ART: [illegible]

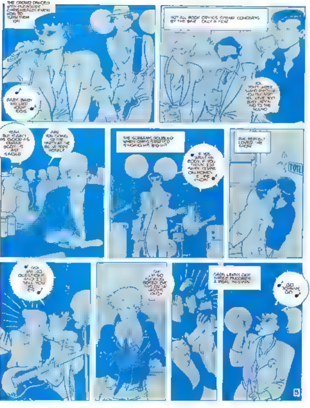
CHRIS LENNY AND HIS BAND WERE ARRIVING FROM NEW YORK... WHERE THEY HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TRASH THEIR ROOMS AT THE PLAZA [illegible] HAD A [illegible] FATE AWAITING THEM. WHILE THE [illegible] IN THE ROOM, [illegible] THE PILOT NARROWLY AVOIDED [illegible] AT BOSTON AIRPORT, [illegible] THROUGH THE ON-BOARD BATTLE WAGING BETWEEN PARTISANS OF JACK DANIELS AND [illegible]

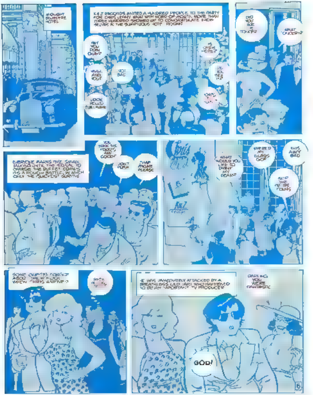

THE PLANE FINALLY [illegible] BEFORE THE WORRIED EYES OF K.B.Z RECORDS PUBLICISTS, WHO'D COME TO WELCOME THE MOST FAMOUS ROCK STAR OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS [illegible] EAST!
I HEARD THESE GUYS SMASHED EVERYTHING AT THE K.B.Z BOSTON OFFICE
[illegible] ON THE [illegible] WAS [illegible] BOMBSHELL [illegible] ... [illegible] WITH [illegible] PHOTOGRAPHERS.
WOW!
[illegible]
YOU'RE [illegible] JEALOUS, ARE YOU? [illegible] JUST [illegible]
I DON'T CARE
[illegible] DON'T SHE [illegible] WANT TO SEE CHRIS LENNY?
1

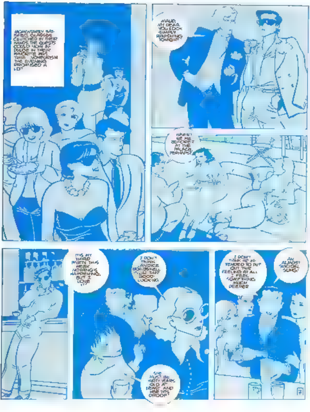

AT THE AIRPORT CHRIS WAS INTRODUCED TO AT LEAST 12 PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES HE IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO FORGET. ONLY ONE THING WAS IMPORTANT TO HIM. TO GET TO THE HOTEL AND FAST.
SUITE NUMBER TWO FOR ME, JENNY
WELL, MISS CANDICE, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND PARIS?*
*EUPHEMISM USED OFTEN BY PUBLICISTS AND SIMILAR TYPES, MEANING MORE OR LESS "I'M GREAT IN THE SACK, BABY."
THE ARRIVAL OF CHRIS LENNY'S ENTOURAGE CAUSED QUITE A STIR IN THE QUIET RESPECTABLE HOTEL. THE SWITCHBOARD WAS SWAMPED IMMEDIATELY WITH CALLS AND ALL SORTS OF COMPLAINTS
PAUL, THERE'S ONLY A MAGNETOSCOPE IN THIS SHITTY BATHROOM. DO YOU HEAR ME?
CHRIS? YOU'RE THE MANAGER'S. WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO... 10:00 A.M. MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND GET ME SOME STUFFED CRAB
WHAT? NO BURGERS? BUT THAT CAN'T BE
SHIT!
SAN FRANCISCO DOESN'T ANSWER
YOU WANT WHOSE NUMBER? BRIGITTE BARDOT?
THE NEAREST DRUG STORE?
MISTER LENNY, I'M TAKING ANY CALLS. I'LL CONNECT YOU WITH THE MANAGER
THE FEMALE EMPLOYEES LEARNED QUICKLY THAT IT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA TO WALK AROUND IN THE HALLS...
CALL BILL WHITE. [illegible] A COKE HEAD
TEN TWENTY THOUSAND BUCKS OR NO TV SHOW EVER FOR CHANNEL 2
THE [illegible] OVER THEIR PRECIOUS ROCK STAR [illegible] EVERYTHING WAS SO MUCH EASIER WHEN [illegible]
AND [illegible] CALL SOMEONE AT [illegible] RECORDS. SHE'LL KNOW WHERE HE IS
2

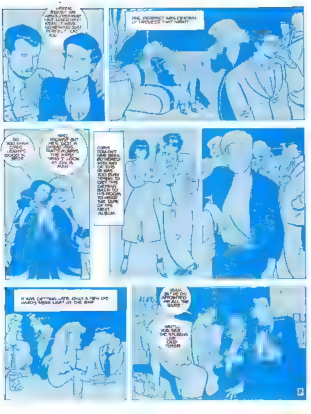

BUT YOU HATE HER!
YO!
PHIL PERFECT OF ROCK EVENING, AND ALEX LOURDUM FROM ROCK NEWS, THE ONLY JOURNALISTS ALLOWED HERE, WERE WAITING FOR THE PROMISED INTERVIEW. CARA WAS ALREADY 40 MINUTES LATE, BUT WHAT REALLY BOTHERED THEM WAS THAT THEY HAD TO DO THE INTERVIEW TOGETHER, AND THEY DON'T EXACTLY LOVE EACH OTHER.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY SENT THAT CRETIN! THOSE GUYS AT THE NEWS ARE STUPIDER THAN I THOUGHT
HEY NOW, LET ME GET ONE QUESTION IN!
INTERVIEWS REALLY BORED THE HELL OUT OF CARA, BUT THIS TIME SHE'D DECIDED TO BE POLITE AND NOT HIT THE JOURNALISTS
WOW! HIS GIRLFRIEND! I MUSTN'T SHOW ANY REACTION
CHAM-PAGNE?
ALEX LOURDUM IMMEDIATELY LAUNCHED HIS OFFENSIVE.
AND WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?
WHAT A JERK. WHY NOT ASK HIM HIS BIRTH DATE?
DO YOU THINK I LOOK BETTER IN JEANS OR A DRESS?
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE EITHER WAY, YOUR ASS IS TOO FAT
AN HOUR LATER PHIL PERFECT AND ALEX LOURDUM LEFT THE HOTEL. THEY DIDN'T SAY GOOD-BYE TO EACH OTHER.
3

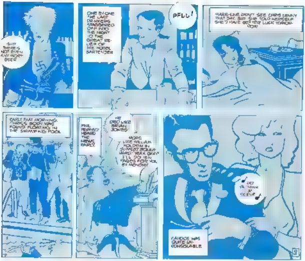

I DON'T KNOW. I TRIED SOPHIE AT V.O. RECORDS AND MAYBE AT THE GALLERY
Auditorium de [illegible]
THAT NIGHT THE AUDITORIUM WAS PACKED WITH CRANKED-UP KIDS
ON STAGE A PAGE BEHIND THE SCENES. PLACE WHERE [illegible] BACKSTAGE [illegible] DRESSING ROOM HAD BETTER [illegible] WORRYING ABOUT HIS POPULARITY
SAW CHRIS ME IN PHILADELPHIA GREAT SHOW!
CAN I CATCH YOU LATER AT THE PARTY
DO YOU HAVE A PRESS PASS?
♪ DO WATCH ME I'M SEXY ♪
THE ROCK CRITICS HAD ANOTHER MEETING PLACE: THE BAR
HEY, DO YOU STILL DRINK YOUR WHISKEYS FOUR AT A TIME?
DID YOU READ BERNARD'S ARTICLE ON THE SWEETIES? HE'S NUTS
EVER SINCE HE'S GOTTEN INTO REGGAE
HOW'D YOUR INTERVIEW GO?
GREAT. THE BEST I'VE DONE
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR CHRIS LEAHY.
[illegible] MARIE-LINE KEPT LOOKING
DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE PARTY IS LATER?
4

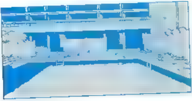

THE CROWD DANCED WITH PLEASURE. CHRIS REALLY KNEW HOW TO TURN THEM ON!
BABY BABY I'D LIKE YOUR EGGS
NOT ALL ROCK CRITICS SPEND CONCERTS BY THE BAR... ONLY A FEW
YO. DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, YOU OUT THERE... ARE NOT BUSY LISTENING TO THE SOUND
YEAH, BUT IT AIN'T AS GOOD AS CLARKE SCOTT'S LAST SINGLE
ARE YOU GOING TO THE PARTY AT THE BELVEDERE HOTEL?
THE SCREAMS DOUBLED WHEN CHRIS STARTED SINGING HIS BIG HIT
IF YOU WANT MY BODY, IF YOU THINK I'M ... ON HONEY, ... KNOW!
SHE PERFECTLY LOVED THE SHOW
ASK ME NO QUESTIONS AND I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES
SHIT, I'M SO FUCKING BORED! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
CHRIS LEARN GOT THREE ENCORES & REAL TRIUMPH
GO JOHNNY, GO!
5


MIDNIGHT BELVEDERE HOTEL
K & Z RECORDS INVITED A HUNDRED PEOPLE TO THE PARTY FOR CHRIS LENNY. WHAT WITH WORD OF MOUTH, MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED SHOWED UP TO CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES IN THE SUMPTUOUS "ROOF" ROOM.
HEY YOU, DOIN OKAY?
YEAH, AND YOU?
YO! BAL
LOOK HELLO [illegible]
IS CHRIS HERE?
DO YOU SEE HIM?
[illegible]
DID YOU GO TO CONCERT?
WHAT CONCERT?
EVERYONE WAITS THE SMALL BLINKS UNTIL THE SIGNAL TO CHARGE THE BUFFET COMES. IT'S A ROUGH BATTLE, IN WHICH ONLY THE QUICKEST SURVIVE.
YOU THINK THE FOOD'S ANY GOOD?
DON'T PUSH
CHAMPAGNE PLEASE
Chris
K&Z
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRINK, MY DEAR?
WHERE'D MY GLASS GO?
THIS AIN'T BAD
STOP THE [illegible] FOLKS
SOME GUESTS FORGOT ABOUT THE FOOD WHEN CHRIS ARRIVED
[illegible]
HE WAS IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED BY A BREATHLESS OLD LADY WHO HAPPENED TO BE AN IMPORTANT TV PRODUCER.
DARLING YOU WERE FANTASTIC
GOD!
6


MOMENTARILY SATISFIED, GLASSES CLUTCHED IN THEIR HANDS, THE GUESTS COULD NOW INDULGE IN THEIR FAVORITE PASTIME: VOYEURISM. THE EVENING PROMISED A LOT
MAUD, MY DEAR, YOU LOOK SIMPLY RAVISHING TONIGHT
HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE? AT THE PALACE, PERHAPS?
IT'S MY THIRD PARTY THIS WEEK. NOTHING'S HAPPENING, BUT I LOVE IT!
I DON'T THINK CANDICE BOMBSHELL IS ALL THAT GOOD-LOOKING
SHE MUST BE FIFTY YEARS OLD AT LEAST AND HER TITS DROOP!
I DON'T THINK HE INTENDED TO PUT OUT THAT FEELING AT ALL. I FEEL SOMETHING MUCH DEEPER
AN ALMOST SUICIDAL SONG!


LISTEN, BOBBY, WE ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE LUNCH NEXT WEEK. I HAVE SOMETHING JUST PERFECT FOR YOU.
PHIL PERFECT WAS CERTAINLY TIRELESS THAT NIGHT.
DO YOU THINK CHRIS LENNY'S GOOD IN BED?
WHO KNOWS? BUT HE'S GOT A GREAT ASS. THAT'S ALWAYS THE FIRST THING I LOOK AT ON A MAN
CHRIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BOTHERED WITH ANY OF THIS. HE WAS TOO BUSY TRYING TO GET THIS GEISHA BACK TO HIS ROOM TO HEAR THE TAPE OF HIS NEXT ALBUM.
IT WAS GETTING LATE. ONLY A FEW DIE-HARDS WERE LEFT AT THE BAR
YEAH, BUT HE DISAPPOINTED ME ALL THE SAME
WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE SPLEENS LIVE, OLD TIMER
8


BUT THERE'S NOT EVEN ANY MORE BEER
ONE BY ONE THE LAST DRINKERS STAGGERED OFF INTO THE NIGHT TO THE GREAT RELIEF OF THE HOTEL BARTENDER
PFLU!
MARIE-LINE DIDN'T SEE CHRIS LENNY THAT DAY, BUT SHE TOLD HERSELF SHE'D HAVE BETTER LUCK TOMORROW
EARLY THAT MORNING, CHRIS'S BODY WAS FOUND FLOATING IN THE SWIMMING POOL
PHIL PERFECT HEARD THE NEWS EARLY.
HE DIED LIKE BRIAN JONES.
MORE LIKE WILLIAM HOLDEN IN SUNSET BOULEVARD. YEAH, OKAY I'LL DO TEN PAGES FOR YOU BY MONDAY
♪ DO YA THINK I'M SEXY ♪
CANDACE WAS QUITE UNCONSOLABLE.
9


FIN

FUTUREVIEWS

by Lenny Kaye

Paintings (and thunk of) by Jim Cherry

He was the Hunter. Sometimes it would be stacks of old records, labels glinting off shards of history, the vibrant sounds of long gone worlds echoing back at him. Each had its own mode of communication: cylinders, flat disks, 78s and 45s and 33s (remember?), video cassettes. Or it would be old books, their pages still lined with the displaced longings of a time and place, the written folklore of a people universally the same, forever different.

Today it was ancient magazines, a passion all the more breathtaking for its temporality. These were not meant for longevity, he noted, even as they crumpled in his hands while he turned page after page. Yet they captured a moment far more closely than some things destined for immortality, [illegible] the ability of a [illegible] to indulge its [illegible] far better than any other earthly animal does.

He liked the science fiction magazines the best, especially as they grew more archaic, the author's fantasies progressively more ecstatic in light of duller current events. He'd move from there to the sex periodicals, searching for his favorite performers [illegible]. Then, relaxed, he'd head to the music magazines, a charting of man's most abstract art, and his favorite [illegible]: *Hit Parader*, the yellowed newsprint of *New Musical Express*, the scrapbookish *Rock Scene*, *The Face* (still shiny after all these years, he marveled), *Trouser Press*, the populist *Music Now*.

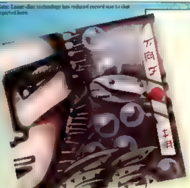
Here, for a starter, was a great one: The October 16, 1985, issue of *Star Hits*. Almost forty years ago, thought the Hunter. He [illegible] the magazine [illegible] held, reading through it. They cared so much about what they were doing. What would they think when it all fell apart a few years later?

There was an ancient, quiet empathy that transcended nostalgia; sometimes he thought he came into this place to ask himself the same questions, sure [illegible] of a world that would never exist again.

He adjusted his [illegible] magazine [illegible]. He'd read it more carefully when he got back to his quarters, but by the edge of the [illegible] he would [illegible] some of the records in the review column. That would be a treat. Then he could turn on his cap, read the magazine, and pretend he was there.

He knew just where to look. After all, he was the Hunter.

Note: Laser-disc technology has reduced record size to that depicted here.



Mind Lab
Taro Lohan
Yen 4067 DR

The Japanese rock boom, or what [illegible] as the divine electric typhoon, came to be known, has produced many spectral performers since the advent of Marrish in the last decade.

Even those who saw [illegible] Julie [illegible] in 1985 were not prepared for the tempests into which Japanese original music took hold, [illegible] while at the [illegible] taking [illegible] superior [illegible] making [illegible]. For the first time [illegible] Japan [illegible] master [illegible] variations [illegible] sufficiently [illegible] nationalist [illegible] that she had [illegible] alienation.

Still, the pageant [illegible] of *Mind Lab* [illegible] with the [illegible] of the elevated [illegible] the result is [illegible] that [illegible] appears [illegible] that [illegible] through [illegible].

Mind Lab summarizes the need to move on, to push in motion the wheel of change. A sound [illegible] this [illegible] of perpetual turning.

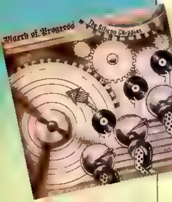
REALLY PLAY

Really Play
The Arch Angels
(Tooth and Nail 34597)

Rock 'n' roll has always been a music of violence and anger, but it's taken the metropolitan street gangs to bring the form new and terrifying immediacy. Based loosely on the late-seventies punk explosion and its eight-years-later revival, hardcore, this new generation of high-frequency kamikazes are *Really Playing* their deadly games for keeps.

The Arch Angels lead the [illegible] to gain at both casualties and inflicted wounds from their home base of south Indiana. Using digitally encoded instruments whose output is [illegible] shattering bodily harm on rivals such as the neighboring Beast Eaters, they have blazed a bloody path through the Midwest, arriving at national recognition in time for last year's Mayhem [illegible]. This prolonged riot, the result of a gauntlet [illegible] seven equally billed bands, left scores of spectators and musicians wounded, the final death toll estimated at eighteen (with two life-support systems still in operation).

No wonder the Angels, survivors of that body-strewn bash, [illegible] a title on this latest release. "The Photographer's Plot" is ringleader Dario Fate's good-tempered recreation of the event, while the brutal "Ear Drummer" shows where the group likes to aim its sonic assault. Don't expect subtlety; in fact, don't expect.



March of Progress
The Silicon Chippies
(Foozy ZNO8)

Miniaturization is one of the stated aims of electronics, but the Silicons have gone to extremes. On each one-hour side of this laser disk are no fewer than three hundred individual "cuts," speeded up or slowed until your brain is able to catch only fleeting aural patterns, heard differently each time as the impulses register emotionally (subliminated) or logically (understood).

Several short pieces run together, or they might fragment and be heard on their own. Longer selections ("The Black Camel") extend to more traditional song length despite the medium's desire to hurry on. As an experience it is somewhat akin to the jerking [illegible] of a broken elevator, the same vertiginous rush of blood to the head and dizziness.

The ultimate question is "Why?" By choosing radically to place form over content, the Chippies enhance what they feel is a concept album based on the parade of technology from the industrial revolution to the present day. After all, it's not what you make, it's how you make it. That said, why is the progression of textures so static? Progress implies movement from Point A to place B (or the reverse, depending on your moral code). The Silicon Chippies, running in place through the strata of their sales, go nowhere, symbolizing a computer-age obsolescence for the new assembly line.

July 27 1980
Ocean to Ocean
(Mer 110)

experimental, presumed lost, and recently unearthed when producer Ray [illegible] was going through some old audio [illegible] tapes. These are the celebrated first performances given by Ocean to Ocean. Though the rise [illegible] was still several years in the future [illegible] the first tentative reachings for what would be seen as an innovative fusion of the classical and popular musics, [illegible] from which they drew their name as well as inspiration.

[illegible] makes [illegible] seem easy enough, but it must be remembered [illegible] Ocean to Ocean [illegible] such efforts were either [illegible] the [illegible] rock opera [illegible] the [illegible] of The New Pythagorean [illegible] of Ocean [illegible] the surface under the [illegible] with their first actual release, Singapore Place, and ever since their technique was [illegible] applied to pieces to bring together [illegible]. The aptly named [illegible] needed practically [illegible] academic [illegible], and when in 19[illegible] the group performed an early show at [illegible] Hall for the musical establishment, followed [illegible] at the club [illegible] [illegible] was established.

July [illegible] 1980 contains none of the later sophistication [illegible] and much of their sense of [illegible]. [illegible] is almost pastoral [illegible] and Egyptian [illegible], and the [illegible]. Truly [illegible].

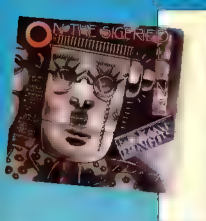
OCEAN TO OCEAN

June 6 [illegible]
Various Artists
Dem Eyes 4444

Modern compilation albums have the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] sweeping [illegible] [illegible] for watching [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and a few of other [illegible] that are probably [illegible] In the case of the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible].

Musically, these groups are [illegible] at best, [illegible] to learn the basics of each [illegible] punk [illegible] that of the [illegible] [illegible] what a [illegible] New York actually. New [illegible] of these [illegible] are based [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] there are no credits for the [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] but after the [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible] to see the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].



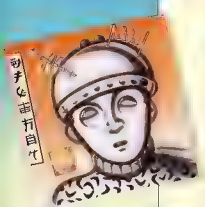
On the Siegfried Line
Blazing Bongos
(Carolon SMAK 2646)

This is (almost) inevitably a virtual Greatest Hits from that pluperfect pop group of the nineties, Blazing Bongos. Composed of twins Vern and Bern Odalisque and their hook-laden henchman and henchwoman, Rick Lune and Tala Sonic, this band has demonstrated the dictum that no matter what style of music is successful, or how it may be presented, the eternal verities of the Top 40 hold true.

"Your Pet Hazards" was the one that began the band's life-as-a-later-box star, introducing the Bongos' twin-pronged edge of wry rhumbaism. They hurt and feel, but they're as likely to pull a smile from these pear-shaped orbs as another dream. "My Nose is Runny, It Knows You're Gone" is a step either way from the snuffles, while "Light Years from You" posits an inter-stellar heartbreak.

Meanwhile, the Bongos know that humour is only partially the path to people's hearts, and credit cards. Using the full resources of the Recreation Studio (their assortment of instruments is especially noteworthy), they have also computer-modeled key phrases, judging each chorus for balanced vibrancy and sound. The result is that you begin humming Bongo tag-line long before you're aware of their meaning — a hypnotic trigger that has you carrying the record out of the store in the guise of analyst.

Like the original Siegfried Line, *On The* [illegible] is an unmistakable defense that makes up in solidity what it lacks in mobile imagination.

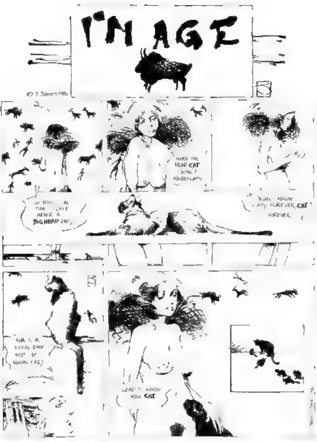


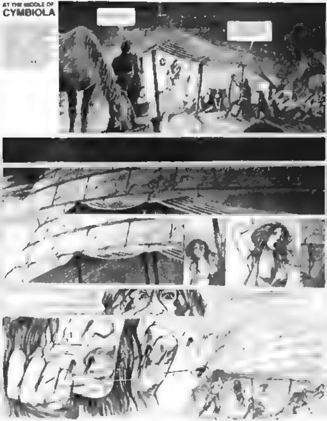
Ravels
Zowie Bowie
(Azrak 5054L-346)

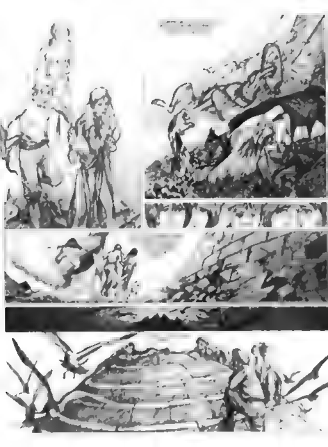
And so the boy of legend grows to be a man. Sharing his famous father's sense of commitment and harkening back to David's early years as a musician, Zowie Bowie was among the first Western artists to embrace the Japanese drone of inner space. As the dialog heated between increasingly acrimonious cultures, swiftly worsening conditions, Zowie was forced to choose between two worlds. He opted for the East and spent his adolescence in one of the many pop-music conservatories that durably sprang up throughout Japan in the late eighties.

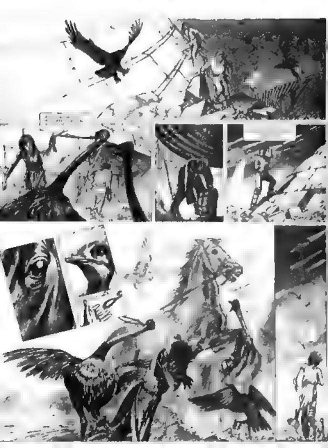
He now returns to tell us his tale, or rather, in the Japanese manner, unfold his perception. His theme is the Idea, Idea-as-Theory, dealt with the instinct of creativity. He has threaded his carpet so that where one instrument begins and another leaves it is impossible to tell, even in the total immersion of the Nissan Porta-cap Zowie models on the cover: sound vibrations delivered directly to audio pressure points in the skull, subverting the need for outside ears.

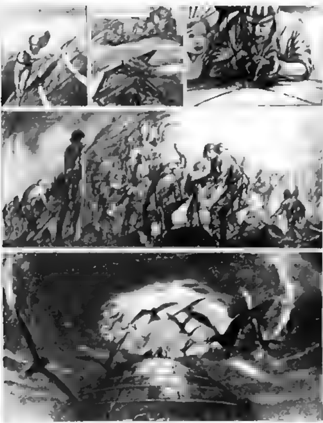
Rather than attack the problem from several angles, as a multicamp approach, he has opted for a single threnody, an uninterrupted environment that might well be the sound of nature on another plane. It leads to a telepathic level on which all thought is idea, the unexpected commonplace; perhaps it becomes a path to a whole new chain of being. Zowie Bowie knows a lot more than he's telling, but that, too, is the Japanese way.

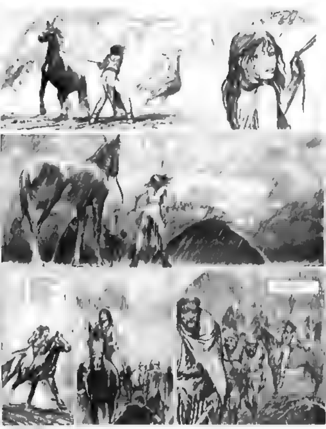

I'M AGE
© J. Jones
SO THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT AFTER A BIGHEAD DIES
WHEN I'M DEAD CAT WON'T KNOW CATS
YOU'LL KNOW CATS FOREVER, CAT FOREVER
THAT'S A LONG TIME NOT TO KNOW CATS?
GLAD TO KNOW YOU CAT

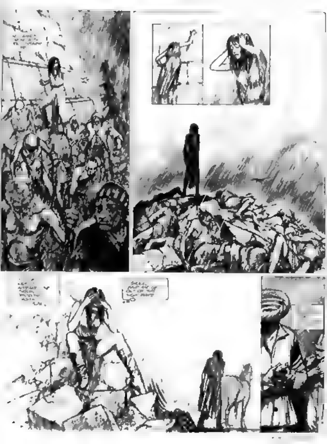












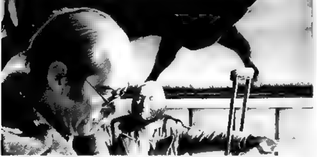
NOVA 2

continued from page 73

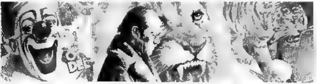
WHEN HE LEFT HIS HOUSE, [illegible] KRANDY, A SAVING BARCELONAN AND, SO HE SAYS, A DESCENDANT OF THE HAPSBURGS, DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS GOING IN SEARCH OF DEATH.

[illegible] IN AARGAU IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY. IN THE [illegible] THE GERMAN THRONE IN 1273. SINCE THEN, MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY HAVE [illegible] BOHEMIA, HUNGARY [illegible] THE NETHERLANDS, PART OF ITALY, MEXICO AND [illegible] THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF AUSTRIA UNTIL 1918. THE FAMILY'S GREATEST FIGURE WAS CARLOS I OF SPAIN AND KARL V OF GERMANY. PHILIP THE HANDSOME, WHO MARRIED JOAN THE MAD, STARTED THE SPANISH HAPSBURG [illegible] IN MEXICO THEY WERE REPRESENTED BY MA[illegible] AN YOUNGER SON OF THE EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF OF AUSTRIA.

VICTOR RAMOS WAS IN NO WAY A REVOLUTIONARY, AND ALLOWED HIS LIFE ITS OWN CONSIDERABLE FREEDOM, FOLLOWING NO [illegible] OR ANY SYSTEMS



[illegible] THE BEGINNING OF PHILOSOPHY LAY IN THE DISCERNING OF DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EQUAL THINGS [illegible] THAT NOT ONE

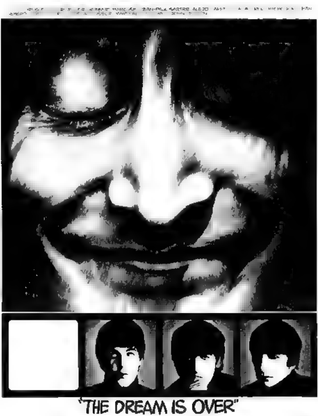


OF THE COUNTLESS PHILOSOPHERS SINCE HERACLITUS WHO UNDERSTOOD THAT ONE CAN NEVER ENTER THE SAME RIVER ON TWO [illegible]

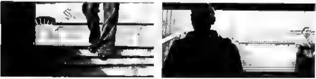
CIRCO MUNDIAL
EL COMBATE DEL SIGLO: LA BATALLA DE LOS SUPER-HEROES
CONTRA

DEATHS, SUICIDES, INSANITY, ASSASSINATIONS... THEY ARE DESTROYING THE MYTHS AND SYMBOLS OF A GENERATION. A GENERATION THAT ASTONISHED, UPSET AND SPREAD WIDE OUR SOCIETY WITH THEIR DEMANDS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

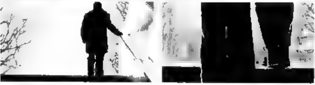
SANTA LUCIA 80
turas
JOHN LENNON
¡ASESINADO!
ESTRANGU
DESAPARE
LENNON
EL AUTOGRAFO
COSTO LA VIDA


JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
"THE DREAM IS OVER"

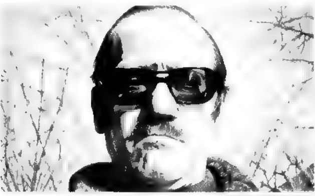
[illegible] AND KILLED, PUSHED TO SUICIDE, DRIVEN CRAZY, ASSASSINATED.



AND A[illegible] KNOWING [illegible] HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED AN OLD POEM:



"I CANNOT KEEP MY SILENCE, WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FINGER WHETHER TOUCHING MY MOUTH OR POINTING TO MY FOREHEAD, COUNSELING SILENCE OR THREATENING FEAR. HAVE YOU NOT A VALIANT SOUL? ALWAYS MUST YOU FEEL WHAT YOU SAY? AND NEVER HAVE TO SAY WHAT YOU FEEL?"



TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

OUT TO LAUNCH

L.

...'s own orbits, and Reagan's budget cuts sparks anew an old debate: Do we need a space program ... judge from ...

command of historical ... fa

ever express such bitterness

—a bitterness that becomes understandable when Bova details NASA's original prospectus for the seventies and eighties—that they manage to alienate

Schuster), and *The Illustrated*

cal wonders a century hence.

works to touch the space way

Robert Morales

T.

some extent, by Ben Bova,

change to create a new and

mese. In fact, he fully accepts

peaceful little moon base is bin

tary operation the world's ever

John Lilly, whose vanguard

Altered States—is a pessimist

(Bantam), he has spent the last several years in more space

space: an ancestral which, unscientifically speaking, chemically severs the cerebral cortex from the power evolution to incredible

session, however (or so he claims), has not been the drug

eventually kill all living things

course of his research, Lilly has

falls and nearly drowned once

alive at age sixty-one to write

The *Columbia* Takeoff

When *Columbia* makes a tight turn, thrusts into orbit, and banks into the horizon before your eyes, you consciously acknowledge the weirdness of the curvature of the earth that

---

Additional Flights of

Space Fancy

E.

Sheffield Macmillan leaves the impression that abstract expressionist painters get their ideas from some primal knowledge that the earth as viewed from space looks like the most unimaginably abstract image

[illegible]

Y[illegible] enough arrogance and self importance to supply our government's executive and legislative branches for years to [illegible]

As an innately curious, obsessive music listener since childhood, I took up writing about rock as a way of figuring out just why I like ordered [illegible] ways and simultaneously to [illegible] liked (thereby countering all the years of inane criticism I'd [illegible] mine ideas, not vice versa. The bottom-line attraction for me is sound texture, the tactile sensuality of music. Neophiliacs such as myself require that good music by somehow [illegible] transitory pleasure (the goal of most pop music). Emotional depth and honesty should also be present, and the music must withstand repeated listenings in a variety of circumstances. My sucker buttons include [illegible] (many noises make the best), compelling rhythms (no [illegible]

(Joy Division?), and an expres[illegible] when one or more of these critical principles doesn't suicide down the dumper. That's healthy I think. In fact, since I've become a world-recognized rock-music authority, my tight sphincter has loosened to such an extent that a well-crafted, appealing bit of pop, like Olivia Newton-John's *Physical* (MCA), can catch my [illegible] at the same time. Not that I'm ready to go out and buy her appalling records—but it does illuminate the virtue of flexibility. As does Frank Sinatra's new [illegible] of Vegas-slick, boozy sentimen[illegible] thing's portrayal of a self-pitying [illegible]

heart. I've fallen for the Cars' [illegible] Hawkes's grinning-idiot synth, while hometown favorites the Rattlers have entertained me with their tongue-in-cheek, militant regressivism since '78. I'm forced to view these as flirtations, though, and not as so vehemently they'll stand the test of time (check back in five years).

Feelings of loyalty introduce [illegible] trance's *Rage in Eden* (Chrysalis) and Devo's *New Traditionalists* (Warner Bros.). From a totally detached viewpoint, each record constitutes the respec[illegible] culated. But there is something [illegible] "Chihuahua" [illegible]

that a conceptual offense isn't [illegible] records like Prince's *Controversy* on Warner Bros., which I can hate on all levels, no matter how many people tell me it's "hilarious.")

[illegible] between intensity and offen[illegible] and Ward in the Wide [illegible] before it gets a chance to [illegible] to the rave? If I do that, then should I also announce "I hate the Beatles" every time I [illegible]

Wandering Minstrels

Y[illegible]

VIDEOFIED OR FRIED

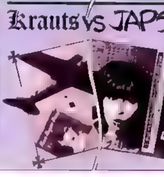
T[illegible] imagination and empathy to get a group across, beyond the one [illegible]

Although in [illegible] (Warner Amex) Willy DeVille [illegible] of guy you wouldn't want to get [illegible] Redding at *Monterey Pop* for the [illegible] and how to avoid showing too much of the backing group when [illegible]

The same holds true for [illegible] band, and a large stage where each musician is two arms length from the other. A skilled hand is needed to make Hunter look good even with a visual foil such as his previous sidemen Mick Ronson and Bill [illegible] Wiener switch from camera to [illegible] such a crude state that one could do better with sports event producers handling the equipment.

—Jon Tiven

Krauts vs JAPS



S[illegible] Dome album with the digitally recorded *Dig It* (digit—get it? Brain Records). So, Achtung, Jungen—and HEIL HAGEN!

(Most German releases are available from JEM Record Distributors, South Plainfield, N.J.)

F[illegible] Greater Asian Co-prosperity Sphere [illegible] Pearl Harbor once again [illegible] heels of the [illegible] Yellow Magic Orchestra [illegible] BANZAI.

Most Japanese releases are available from [illegible] Record Distributors, [illegible]

Bob [illegible], Jr.

As the techno-revolution [illegible] techno-peasant alike comes *Technology Illustrated* ($15 a year, Box 2806, Boulder, CO [illegible] guide to machine fetishism. From digital recording to autoerotica, it's there for the fad gadgeteers. Real diehards should check out *High Technology* ($18 a year, Box 2810, Boulder, CO 80322), the hard [illegible] language [illegible]

AddendA

Report from the bitter lands: in this case, Maine and Pittsburgh, Pa. The matter at hand: horror Meister Stephen King and all his projects under way. 1) *Creepshow*, King's E.C.-comics-inspired multitale-red script as directed by George Romero, is in postproduction, thus leaving King time beyond his acting role (he plays a main character in one of the seg[illegible] script writing too, that is, doing a sixty-four-page adaptation of his filmscript with artist Berni W[illegible] no better choice. New American Library will be publishing it as a large-size paperback. 2) Romero will be directing King's screenplay of his book *The Stand*. 3) Dino De Laurentiis has bought the rights to make *The Dead Zone*. 4) Deals are in the works for *Firestarter* and *Cujo*. 5) Meanwhile, King [illegible] finishing touches on a [illegible] tatively entitled *Different Seasons* to appear in August '82. 6) And in the midst of all that, he and Peter Straub are pursuing their collaboration on a novel of—you guessed it—mystery, suspense, and horror, called *Talisman*. 7) (Finally!) The busy guy is also at work on another novel all his own. Isn't that enough? It's just a horror [illegible]

Long in its postfanzine state of grace, *Trouser Press* has leapt into that hallowed realm of [illegible] during, in its January '82 [illegible] a series called "The [illegible] File." Orchestral Manoeuvres begins the run; it's followed up by Holly and the Italians, Japan, and more to come. The series boasts the not-available-elsewhere tag. Erstwhile *Trouser Pressers* say this is only the beginning [illegible]

And joining the flexi-fad, *New York Rocker* has introduced disk [illegible]

And two personal oddments: Don't forget (as we did) [illegible] glimpse of Terry Gilliam's book *Time Bandits*, a very funny look at a surprisingly funny film. And speaking of fun [illegible]

EDITORIAL

continued from page 4

options from the technologies at hand. The fundamental structures that run our brains give shape to an ability to adapt. And [illegible] collaboration reveals to us that whatever traditional barriers may exist can be thrown aside [illegible].

I've seen the power rock and roll has incited and the wonder of amusers, consciously or not, [illegible] [illegible] to be like dogs responding to Pavlovian signals from our technological masters? Or will we take active roles in the postindustrial revolution? Both sf and rock raise these necessary questions about our future and [illegible].

Brad Balfour

Editor's Note

Again those little mistakes crop up, such as our reporting that longtime fandom and science fiction artist Norman Saunders who did the original Mars Attacks [illegible] is dead. Not true. Thanks to [illegible] correspondent Black Stewart we found that one of Saunders' [illegible] on Manhattan [illegible] West Side and although he [illegible] his eighty is still at [illegible] creating those classic images. We hope to see more of him in HM. Again, our apologies to Norman. But as the old saying goes, he took the news of his death well.

And while we are on the subject of mistakes: Adal Alberto Maldonado's story "Stolen Moments" (HM February 1982) dropped a few [illegible] words in [illegible]. It should have read: "Adolfo, don't you realize you dreamt the world, so now the world can dream you?" [illegible]

[illegible] in [illegible] issue the article by Lance [illegible] entitled "Technological Commitments" [illegible] two errors. The [illegible] should [illegible] and [illegible] should read [illegible].

CHAIN MAIL

Dear [illegible]

Since I am a charter subscriber, surely it can't drool knee-jerk enthusiasm that [illegible] The Metropol's [illegible] in HM [illegible] so pure fantasy! I hope there's a [illegible] Seagrelles to come, and I wish he'd painted [illegible]

[illegible] makes the [illegible] Kierkegaard [illegible] painting.

Andrew [illegible]
Hackensack [illegible]

[illegible]

Ed,

Rock Opera is the most entertaining and [illegible] Bongo [illegible] Pardon [illegible]

Rainer Paslara
[illegible]

[illegible]

Dear Euphoric Entertainers and Mavens of Plasmic Retribution of *Heavy Metal*:

We think that Paul Kirchner's "The Bus" develops the full dynamic range of [illegible] between cranial lobes. Please tell Paul that he is a major catalyst of Brainmarine Space Spasm.

Bill [illegible]
M. [illegible]
Baltimore, Md.

[illegible]

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

You've been continually progressing this year and have weeded out almost all the garbage that has infested *HM*. [Whew! And we thought we'd missed some!—Ed.] However, [illegible] The story itself is quite good, and I wouldn't mind seeing Bilal write a story so long as he doesn't do the the illustrations.

Michael E. [illegible]
Bloomfield, N.J.

[illegible]

Dear Ed:

Constructive Criticism: There's too much Corben, and he's overrated. On the plus side, "Changes" was one of the best things ever. Will Howarth be doing any more work for you? I hope so: it was A-1 essential reading.

Robert Connolly
Lancashire, England

Matt Howarth's "Changes" provoked a totally [illegible] reader response. Some thought it was either brilliant or the worst [illegible] ever published. The [illegible] here are [illegible] divided. Personally, [illegible]

Dear Julie and John:

[illegible] find little to enthuse about in *HM* any more. When [illegible] looked at the cover of the August issue, in fact, what sprang immediately to mind was, of course, *Epic*. There seems to be a concerted effort to make *HM* into *Epic*. [illegible] happen of interest, so far as story or graphics [illegible] has ever embodied TITillation more [illegible] or vapidly.

[illegible] Mark
Decorah, Iowa

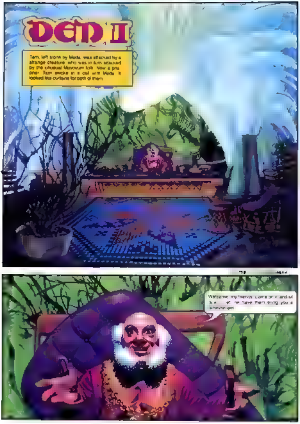
Dear *Heavy Metal* People:

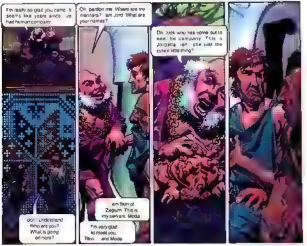
I am getting pretty disgusted with your cover policy lately. I have the last nine issues before me, and every single one [illegible] is a good representation of what your magazine [illegible] about. [illegible] When [illegible] think back on some of your past covers by [illegible] you're doing it. Keep the outside as diverse as the inside, and everything will be [illegible] with me.

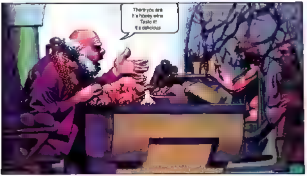
Bill Tulp
Missoula, Mont.

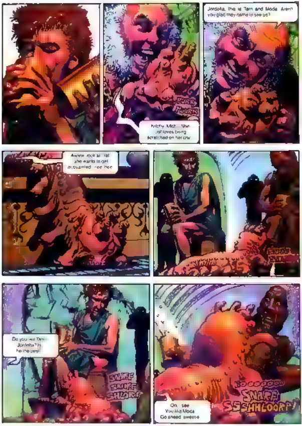
It's simple, really. In a word: money. Covers cluttered with lines and logs produce a noticeable rise (to [illegible]) in newsstand sales. [illegible]

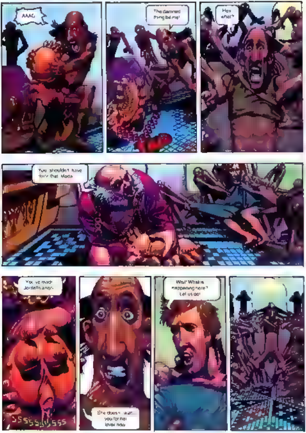
DEN II

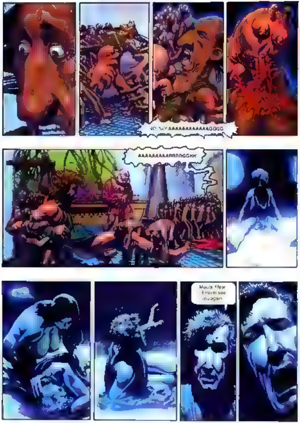

Tarn, left alone by Moda, was attacked by a strange creature who was in turn attacked by the unusual Mavovum folk. Now a prisoner, Tarn awoke in a cell with Moda. It looked like curtains for both of them.
Welcome, my friends. Come on in and sit [illegible] I'll have them bring you a pleasant [illegible]

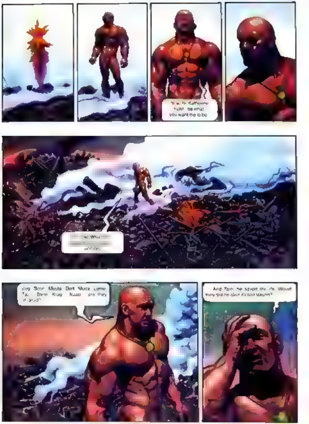

I'm really so glad you came. It seems like years since I've had human company.
Don't understand! Who are you? What is going on here?
Oh, pardon me. Where are my manners? I am Jord. What are your names?
I am Tarn of Zegum. This is my servant, Moda.
I'm very glad to meet you, Tarn and Moda.
Oh, look who has come out to see the company. This is Jorgalla. Isn't she just the cutest little thing?


There you are. It's honey wine. Taste it! It's delicious.


Jordolla, this is Tam and Moda. Aren't you glad they came to see us?
PURR PUURR
Kitchy kitch... She just loves being scratched on her chin
Awww, look at that, she wants to get acquainted. Hee hee
SNIFF SNIFF
Do you want Tam, Jordolla? Is he the best!
SNARF SNARF SHLARF
KOOOOOOO
SNARF SSSHHLOORP!
Oh, I see. You like Moda. Go ahead, sweetie.


AAAG
The damned thing bit me!
Hey what?
You shouldn't have done that, Moda.
You've made Jordella angry.
SSSSSSSSSS
She doesn't want you for her lover now.
What! What is happening here? Let us go!


NO! NO! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGG
AAAAAAAAAARRRRAGGHH!
Tim
Maura. I fear I'll never see you again.


[illegible] Katherine I can be what you want me to be
[illegible]
Zog Scor Muda Dort Muda Lume Ta, Blem Krag Naab are they all dead?
And Tarn, he saved my life. Would they still be alive if I had stayed?

To Be Continued

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1 APRIL 1977 SORRY SOLD OUT

#2 MAY 1977 [illegible]

#3 JUNE 1977 [illegible]

#4 JULY 1977 [illegible]

#5 AUGUST 1977 [illegible]

#6 SEPTEMBER 1977 [illegible]

#7 OCTOBER 1977 [illegible]

#8 NOVEMBER 1977 [illegible]

#9 DECEMBER 1977 [illegible]

#10 JANUARY 1978 [illegible]

#11 FEBRUARY 1978 [illegible]

#12 MARCH 1978 [illegible]

#13 APRIL 1978 [illegible]

#14 MAY 1978 [illegible]

#15 JUNE 1978 [illegible]

#16 JULY 1978 [illegible]

#17 AUGUST 1978 SORRY SOLD OUT

#18 SEPTEMBER 1978 [illegible]

#19 OCTOBER 1978 [illegible]

#20 NOVEMBER 1978 [illegible]

#21 DECEMBER 1978 [illegible]

#22 JANUARY 1979 [illegible]

#23 FEBRUARY 1979 [illegible]

#24 MARCH 1979 [illegible]

#25 APRIL 1979 [illegible]

#26 MAY 1979 [illegible]

#27 JUNE 1979 [illegible]

#28 JULY 1979 [illegible]

#29 AUGUST 1979 [illegible]

#30 SEPTEMBER 1979 [illegible]

#31 OCTOBER 1979 [illegible]

#32 NOVEMBER 1979 [illegible]

#33 DECEMBER 1979 [illegible]

#34 JANUARY 1980 [illegible]

#35 FEBRUARY 1980 [illegible]

#36 MARCH 1980 [illegible]

#37 APRIL 1980 [illegible]

#38 MAY 1980 [illegible]

#39 JUNE 1980 [illegible]

#40 JULY 1980 [illegible]

#41 AUGUST 1980 [illegible]

#42 SEPTEMBER 1980 [illegible]

#43 OCTOBER 1980 [illegible]

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: [illegible] This issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama [illegible] Inside [illegible] Classics [illegible] Moebius [illegible] ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: [illegible] Corben's [illegible] Bilal [illegible] Druillet [illegible] Rice Cards [illegible] ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: [illegible] Dan Wood makes his HM debut with [illegible] Conan [illegible] ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: Neal N. Burroughs [illegible] The Chairs [illegible] (Special) [illegible] Pages from Jeff Jones's [illegible] ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: [illegible] Theater [illegible] Bilal, and The [illegible] of the Shadows [illegible] of Flowers [illegible] Seigneur [illegible] America ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: [illegible] Good-bye [illegible] ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's [illegible] The Invisible [illegible] The Tell Bridge [illegible] Burroughs [illegible] ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: [illegible] Corben [illegible] Jim Steranko's [illegible] Chaykin [illegible] Wolverton ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King [illegible] The Blue [illegible] Compressor [illegible] ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981: [illegible] the third part of the Corben [illegible] the making of the Heavy Metal movie ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's Den II [illegible] Jones [illegible] ($3.00)

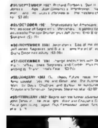
#55/OCTOBER 1981: [illegible] Segrelles [illegible] Philippe Druillet plus Jeff Jones [illegible] Segrelles ($3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: [illegible] Jeff Jones, Segrelles and [illegible] Druillet [illegible] ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981: [illegible] Segrelles and Corben [illegible] ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982: [illegible] Future [illegible] ($3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982: [illegible] Corben's [illegible] ($3.00)



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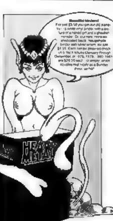

Beautiful binders!
For just $5.50 you get our old [illegible] [illegible] vinyl binder with a [illegible] of a naked girl and a [illegible] monster. Or our more [illegible] black, [illegible] binder with silver letters, for just $4.95. Each holds [illegible] issues of Heavy Metal Company through [illegible] ($26.50 each [illegible] [illegible]

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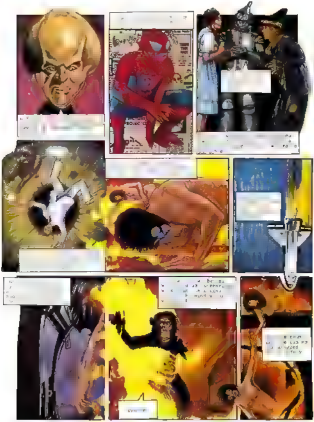
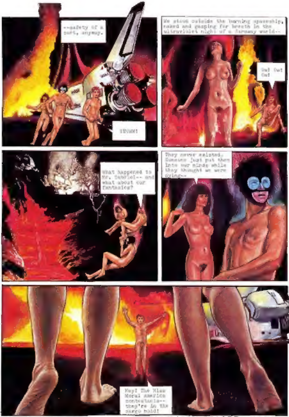
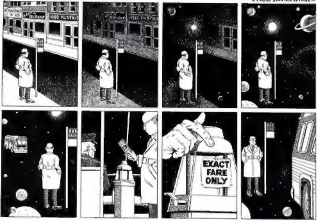



--safety of a sort, anyway.
We stood outside the burning spaceship, naked and gasping for breath in the ultraviolet night of a faraway world--
Ow! Ow! Ow!
SKOWW!
What happened to Mr. Gabriel-- and what about our fantasies?
They never existed. Someone just put them into our minds while they thought we were dying--
Hey! The Miss Moral America contestants-- they're in the cargo hold!

© 1982 ROD "THE COWARDLY CARTOONIST" KIERKEGAARD To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



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COMING

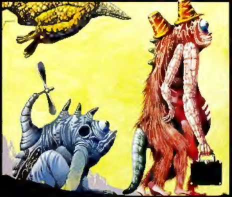
The April issue is so chock full o' new and exciting strips that frankly we don't even know where to begin. Let's see . . .

In addition to the continuations of **Moebius**'s "The Incal Light" and **Garcia**'s "Nova II," we premiere **Bilal**'s newest strip, "The City That Didn't Exist" (the title says it all).

Plus: **Nicole Claveloux** makes a splendid comeback with her surreal strip "The Whore and Prince Charming." All the while we excerpt the new illustrated book *She* and meet via writer **Toby Goldstein** the noted **J. G. Ballard**.

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits



In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

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